

[Mary J. Doom]

[??]

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER Harold J. Moss ADDRESS 6934 Francis St., City

DATE October 1, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Mary J. Doom, Ashland, Nebr.
2. Date and time of interview Oct. 1, 9 to 10:30
3. Place of interview Bradfield Drive, Lincoln
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant Ralph [Waybright?], Bradfield Drive
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you None
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

When first interviewed informant was home of nephew, Bradfield Drive in Lincoln. Her home in Ashland is a small house and is probably about all she possesses. It is said she sits in the dark to avoid burning lights. C. 15 Neb.

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER Harold J. Moss ADDRESS 6934 Francis

DATE October 1, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

Library of Congress

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mary J. Doom, Ashland, Nebraska

1. Ancestry
2. Place and date of birth Bering, Michigan, July 31, 1853.
3. Family 2 sisters and 2 brothers living
4. Places lived in, with dates Michigan from 1853 to 1856, Ashland, Nebr. from 1856 to date.
5. Education, with dates Country school, Ashland, Nebraska; Mrs. Aughe's school; some in sixties up to 1873.
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates Farm work; housework mostly.
7. Special skills and interests Home interests
8. Community and religious activities Rebecca Lodge, Old Baptist church, also Methodist.
9. Description of informant Small of stature, slight build; now disabled by ills of advanced age.
10. Other points gained in interview Very sincere type and not inclined socially. Her early life was that of a pioneer with Indian disturbances. More or less unfortunate in later life, and without children, her career was marked with many hardships and her existence more or less lonely. At one time she was of family well-to-do.

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER Harold J. Moss ADDRESS 6934 Francis

DATE October 1, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

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NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mary J. Doom, Ashland, Nebraska.

We came to Nebraska in 1856 by ox-team and covered wagon. My father came on foot from [Plattsmouth?] to where Ashland is now, he walked up the Platte river on the ice.

Later we came and settled on now what is called Wahoo Creek. Ashland was first called Saline Ford, later Flora City, then Ashland, Nebraska. As Flora City it was named after Flora Warbritton.

My father, Joseph Stambaugh, Jolin Angle and Mr. Warbritton were the first white settlers around Ashland. Our supplies were all brought from [Plattsmouth?].

The Indians used to come and say, 'this ain't smoky man's home; smoky man go home!'

We lived in a log house which father built. One time the Indians got ahold of some whiskey and came riding up and started to circle the house. They were drunk and lost most of their blankets and things. We all hid and kept very quiet. I peeked out and watched them. They finally went away and that was lucky for us.

Indians called the whiskey 'hot water' or 'fire water.' At first there were very few people around and we did not go anywhere nor have any social gatherings.

As the country settled up and Ashland grew bigger folks began to have socials and wedding parties. Sometimes a number of neighbors would get together and get up wood, hunt for the winters meat and get the crops taken care of. Even today the custom of trading work is used some.

In the nineties people turned out in great numbers to attend political rallies and sometimes great processions walked in the rain at night, carrying kerosene torches. Theodore Roosevelt made a speech one night [also?] William J, Bryan, several times.

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Big picnics and gatherings were held in the old park at Ashland with all kinds of games and speaking.

The ladies would have nail driving contests and the one who drove the most nails the quickest got a prize.

The men and boys had potatoe races, sack races and foot races. The sack race was funny because they looked so awkward and often fell down.

They tied sacks around their feet and legs and had to hop. People used to have skating parties too and literary society at the school houses. Everyone took part and it was good entertainment. These were held at night, but they quit them about the time picture shows started.

A popcorn and peanut vendor on the street used to shout about 'Honolulu peanuts, California corn, eat 'em while they're hot.'

When we went to see someone they would usually come a 'piece' home with us if we were walking. People seemed to welcome visitors more and neighbors. Our neighbor used to say when we would smell a skunk that it was the finest thing and we would never catch cold if we smelled skunk odor often. We used to hear a lot about cures and old sayings, which I may remember sometime. FORM D (SUPPLEMENTARY)

In 1892 Mrs. Doom's father, Joseph Stambaugh, built a brick house alongside of the old log house on the homestead. His wife did not like brick houses and refused to move in. One of the children fell downstairs in the new house one day and was hurt some. But Mrs. Stambaugh refused to enter the house and get the youngster. She was obsessed with the belief that the house was unlucky and it was never, as a result, occupied by the children although being one of the best built houses in that locality.

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Later it was thought to be haunted and many people were nervous when passing by it on the road. It stands there today and has been used some by the youngest member of the original family, at least one room of it. But it might be said to be, "the home that was never used."

JOSIAH's COURTSHIP 'twas Sunday night in Podunk valley In clear cold wintry weather
Josiah Perkins and his Sal Sat by the fire together.

Chorus: Josiah, Josiah, Josiah and his Sally Josiah Perkins and his Sal Sat by the fire
together. The apples on the chimney hearth Were slowly getting warmer While the cider in
the pewter mug Was bubbling in the corner. A wooden [setee?] firm and good Their loving
forms [supporting?] 'twas made of seasoned pine wood And just the thing for courting. At
one end Sally stuck like pitch While Josiah seemed to fear her But after while he gave a
hitch And got a little nearer.

He hitched again and got quite near He could not then resist her He called her his own
Sally dear Then bashfully he kissed her!

This song was still sung in the days of glass portieres and [?] Dogs.